

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Twentieth Century Prophet

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Once more I see with delight the holiday book shelves smiling with a fresh, new edition of Jules Verne's stories. I happen at this writing to be in France, where the popularity of the most inventive of story tellers establishes an exception to the rule about prophets in their country.

The twentieth century is just watching up with Jules Verne, and it thrills through all its nerves at the spectacle of some of his dreams turning into realities.

So many of his breathlessly bold forecasts have proved veritable prophecies that one experiences a feeling of uncertainty and expectation in recalling those which have not yet come true. You feel that they, too, are eggs that may suddenly hatch out.

A marksman who hit an apparently unattainable target as many times as he did may not really have missed it when he seems to have done so. In the face of the mysterious and hitherto hidden powers of nature on which we today have begun to lay revealing and conquering hands, who can feel sure that Jules Verne's "Trip to the Moon and Journey Around It" is essentially any less likely to prove a dream fulfilled than was his "Journey Under the Sea," his "Balloon Trip Across Africa," his "Round the World in Eighty Days" or his "Travels with a Steam House?"



The difference between Jules Verne and other writers of extraordinary stories based on apparently impossible inventions is that he dreamed his dreams and wrote his stories before the inventions had actually been made, while his followers and imitators write after the event, and simply enlarge upon what the world already knows. He alone among them all shows true original genius. He stands above them like Napoleon above his marshals.

Even yet, with all the credit that has been given him, Jules Verne has not had full justice. As a writer he possessed what Shakespeare lacked—invention—invention in the large, including scenes, incidents, atmosphere, everything. Shakespeare cribbed his plots and stories with hardly a single exception. He cribbed his incidents whenever he could. He cribbed, in many cases at least, the outlines and spirit of his characters. The whole secret of the irresistible power of Shakespeare over our minds lies in his matchless ability to say what he wishes to say with a wealth and a fitness of verbal expression such as no other writer ever possessed. Shakespeare was the greatest trainer and handler of language that the world has known. He was not a great original thinker and all his philosophy was borrowed, but dressed up in robes of language so splendid and expressive that he instinctively enroll it by the literary that it wears.

Jules Verne invented a new world—the world of the ideal engineer, the world of scientific romance, and, wild and improbable as it appeared, his vision was so true that within a few decades after he wrote we see that world unfolding before our eyes amid a display of wonders some of which would have astonished even him. He had little of the Shakespearean gift of expression or of characterization, and his literary technique was so simple that the critics generally ignore him. But the scenes and the personages that he created do not grow dim with the passage of time.

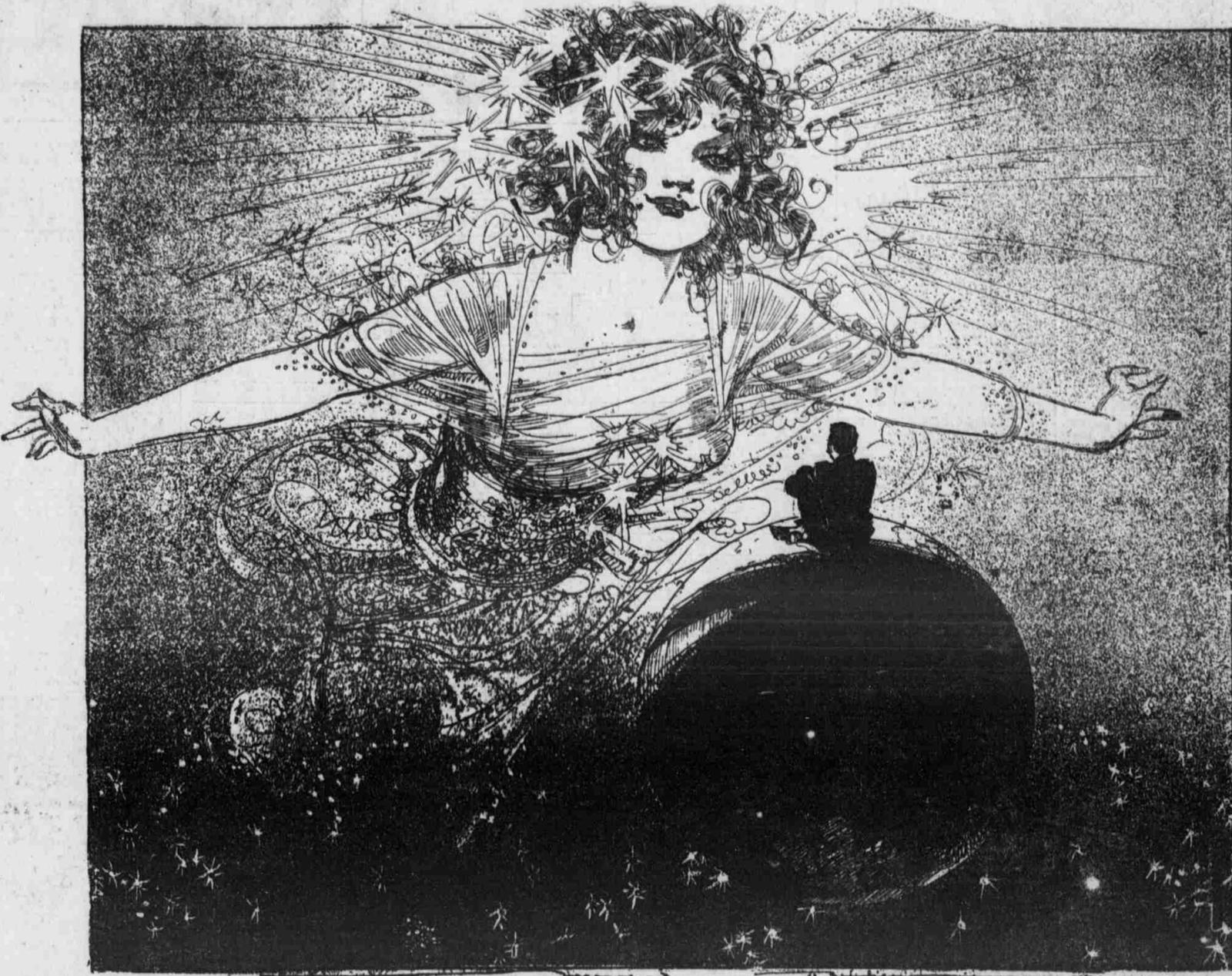
He saw a future age as clearly as Walter Scott saw a past one, and made as vivid an image of it. Every great engineering triumph of the twentieth century smacks of Jules Verne, for every one of them has in it an element of apparent impossibility overcome. The fifty-story building is a Jules Verne story translated into steel and concrete. The Panama canal is emphatically a Jules Verne achievement, and Colonel Goetzals is one of his greatest characters sprung into real life.

Phineas Fogg and Captain Nemo are the typical heroes of this new age, which hardly waited for Jules Verne to be in his grave before its amazing dawn broke over the globe, in fulfillment of his prediction of a time when science should transfigure the earth, the air and the water. We can excuse a little literary imperfection in a genius which exhibited such prodigious originality and such boundless wealth of invention.

## When a Fellow's in Love

By Nell Brinkley

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### Nell Brinkley Says:

When a fellow's in love he lies awake in the small, pale hours. He takes to walking the country-side under moon and starlight and making verses on Spring and things. He watches the dawn come—which the old sleepy-head never did before. The light of her eyes

is the paling stars. In her hair and bosom the planets are caught. The shell-pink that grows in the east is the soft illusion of her gown. The sun is the glory of all her golden beauty. Her smile is the first blinding ray that lights the world and glows on his adoring, lonely, watching figure. "Lonely" it is, sure, for when a chap is in love he's all alone in the world—the world isn't any bigger than

room to stretch in—and the sun is the splendid face of the girl he loves. Let me whisper this in your ear—she may be a plain little brown bird—just a mud-colored little person; but if the light of the world lies in her eyes for some one—if the gem of his love decks her plain little breast—why, then she's the rising sun in the east sure enough!

## The Scientific Art Road of the Future

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"It has been observed, with wit and truth, that 'Uncle Sam' without a Panama canal, is like a householder that has to run around the block to chase a tramp out of the back yard." And certain it is that it is as difficult for a city, state or nation to run itself without owning its thoroughfares, common roads and railroads, as it would be for a hotel, department store or office building to run itself without owning its passageways, stairways and elevators." — Albert Kimsey Owen, Logan Waller Pace, director of the United States office of public roads.



great military roads. The roads were no longer exclusively military, but were also filling the domestic needs of the farmers. Albert Kimsey Owen of Baldwinville, N. Y., one of the great altruistic, brainy men of the age, is bending all his abilities to the establishment of 4,600 miles of good roads in America.

His idea is uplifting and inspiring; and it is to be hoped that President Wilson, to whom the matter has been presented, will see its great value to America, industrially, socially and morally.

Because it means employment for the unemployed, home for the homeless and cleanliness for the unclean.

Here is a brief summary of Mr. Owen's gigantic and beautiful idea:

Scientific art roads or auto highways are to be grand magnificent multiway boulevards along which the people are to be attracted with order and system to readjust themselves, their homes, farms, factories, banks, villages, schools, lecture halls and amusements.

While the width of the right-of-way will be one mile, the width of an auto highway proper will be but 140 feet, and will consist of one cement or brick-paved road twenty feet wide, on which roller skaters will glide up and down and across ways.

This roller-skate road will be the middle road of ten roads, five on a side, in order that the five different classes of vehicles now in use will not only be con-

fined each class to its particular and exclusive road, but that each class will be out on a road on one side of the roller-skate road and come back on the other side of the roller-skate road. Taking one side, the arrangement is to be as follows:

One cement road, fifteen feet wide, with three steel-plate, brick or other improved ways for motor and other cycles; one cement road twenty feet wide, with two steel-plate, brick or other improved ways for automobiles that will not run more than twenty-five miles an hour; one cement road twenty feet wide, with two steel-plate, brick or other improved ways, for fast automobiles use; cement road twenty feet wide, with two steel tracks, one for electric cars for passengers and one for electric cars for freight; and one cement road twenty feet wide, with two steel-plate, brick or other improved ways, for carts, wagons and carriages.

Altogether, an auto-highway proper consists of eleven roads, two zones, each thirty feet wide, for water, gas and oil pipes; for tubes for drainage, wires and cables and tubes for pneumatic and other services; six zones, each 100 feet wide, for factories, public buildings and dwellings; two park zones, each 100 feet wide; four lawn and flower zones, each twenty feet wide; sixteen shade-tree zones, each ten feet wide, and twelve footways, each ten feet wide. The remainder of the area included in the middle right-of-way will be occupied by farms, orchards, forests, stock ranges, etc.

Auto-highways stand for the combination of roads, rails, tracks ways and paths; roads for wagons, rails for electric cars, steel-plate tracks for fast automobiles, cement ways for cycles, cement ways for roller-skaters, and cement and brick paths for pedestrians.

In all there are eleven thoroughfares. The cement way for roller-skaters is in the middle and is twenty feet wide. On it skaters can move both ways.

The construction of these roads, the settling of the workers on their farms and in their own garden-homes, and the building of many varied and interesting industries along these roads will give so many new and diverse opportunities, thought and living of the American people that there will be a greater demand for all kinds of better things, grown and manufactured, than existing farms and factories will be able to supply.

## The Philosophy of History

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The publication, 125 years ago, January 8, 1789, of Vico's "Scienza Nuova"—"New Science"—cleared the way for the mighty engine of human thought now known as the "Philosophy of History," which, in the hands of such men as Montesquieu, Buckle, Lecky, Draper and others, was to work out such splendid results.



Giovanni Battista Vico, the son of a poor bookseller of Naples, was born in 1668. At an early age he manifested the ability which usually belongs only to men of mature age, and while still a young man he demonstrated a profound acquaintance with history, philosophy, science and jurisprudence.

Vico was the first to ask: "Why have we a science of nature, but no science of history?" and the "Scienza Nuova" was the great man's answer to that all-important question. In the course of his book he developed the idea that man, as well as the material world in the midst of which he moves, is subject to a law—a law wide-reaching, immutable, uncompromising, by which all human actions are governed, and in the light of which the history of those actions must be studied and explained.

No man, not even the strongest, can altogether break away from his intellectual environment, and this great Italian was to the last more or less dominated by the conventionalism of the middle ages, which was still the fashion of the day; but in spite of all that he reached out for, grasped, and left behind him for the help of future thinkers the material out of which they were to construct along right lines the majestic temple of historic truth.

Nearly the whole of Vico's life was spent in Naples, in poverty and loneliness, but his name is destined to outlive the social, financial and official grandees of his time. The more knowledge spreads, the more will his fame grow.

With silent, unselfish heroism he traced out new paths into the congested fields of thoughts, and sowed in those fields the seeds of the truth to be. It was not

given him to be a reaper in those fields, but by a just and beneficent arrangement it is so fixed that in the grand harvest time the reaper and the sower shall rejoice together.

## A FACE WITHOUT WRINKLES.

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The wonderful secret of the famous  
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Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, Lines and Creases banished as if by magic and the complexion restored to that soft, smooth, youthful radiance which is so highly desired by all ladies. An entirely new, marvelous and universally effective "Combination Treatment." YOU NEVER HAD ONE BEFORE. Old faces transformed into young faces. You too can have a skin clear, white and smooth as mine—without any of the usual beauty preparations. VERLIE GATLIN, Beauty Specialist, writes you in the quickest time. Write at once and ask for ALL I OFFER FREE. Remember, don't send me a cent. I will send you my great BOOK OF BEAUTY SECRETS free. Learn how to regain your lost youthfulness and prevent wrinkles, how to make yourself beautiful, lovable, envied by all.

No disgusting, dangerous face lotions; no worthless creams; no poisonous waters; no sticky gums; no stinging plasters; no vapor baths; no steaming; no "Cupping" devices; no vibrators; no instruments; no irritating massage; no Internal Remedies. Just a delightful, single effective Home Treatment that will remove not only wrinkles but pimples, blackheads, spots, discolorations and other blemishes. ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS to the most delicate skin. WHAT THE TREATMENT WILL DO:—Will banish wrinkles; fine lines; will restore complexion; will remove superfluous hair from face, hands, arms; will develop the bust and restore falling or sunken breasts; will remove facial blemishes. WRITE AT ONCE, my free offer is limited. Ask for my big FREE OFFER.

Verlie Gatlin, Dept. 6, Denver, Colo.

## Coming of The Sunbeam

How to Avoid Those Pains and Distress Which so Many Mothers Have Suffered.



It is a pity some women do not know of Mother's Friend. Here is a remedy that softens the muscles, enables them to expand without any strain upon the ligaments and enables women to go through maternity without pain, nausea, morning sickness or any of the dreaded symptoms so familiar to many mothers.

There is no foolish diet to harass the mind. The thoughts do not dwell upon pain and suffering, for all such are avoided. Thousands of women no longer resign themselves to the thought that sickness and distress are natural. They know better, for in Mother's Friend they have found a wonderful, refreshing remedy to banish all those dreaded experiences.

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## Here is a Song of the Good Road

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I am a Road; a good road, fair and smooth and broad;  
And I link with my beautiful tether  
Town and Country together,  
Like a ribbon rolled on the earth from the reel of God.  
Oh, great the life of a Road!

I am a Road; a long road, leading on and on;  
And I cry to the world to follow,  
Past meadow and hill and hollow,  
Through desolate night to the open gates of dawn,  
Oh, bold the life of a Road!

I am a Road; a kind road, shaped by strong hands.  
I make strange cities neighbors.  
The poor grow rich with my labors,  
And beauty and comfort follow me through the lands,  
Oh, glad the life of a Road!

I am a Road; a wise road, knowing all men's ways;  
And I know how each heart reaches  
For the things dear Nature teaches,  
And I am the path that leads into green young Mays,  
Oh, sweet the life of a Road!

I am a Road; and I speed away from the slums,  
Away from desolate places,  
Away from unused spaces;  
Wherever I go, there order from chaos comes,  
Oh, brave the life of a Road!

I am a Road; and I would make the whole world one.  
I would give hope to duty,  
And cover the earth with beauty.  
Do you not see, oh men! how all this might be done?  
So vast the power of the Road!